

M. Finlay

A⁶⁶

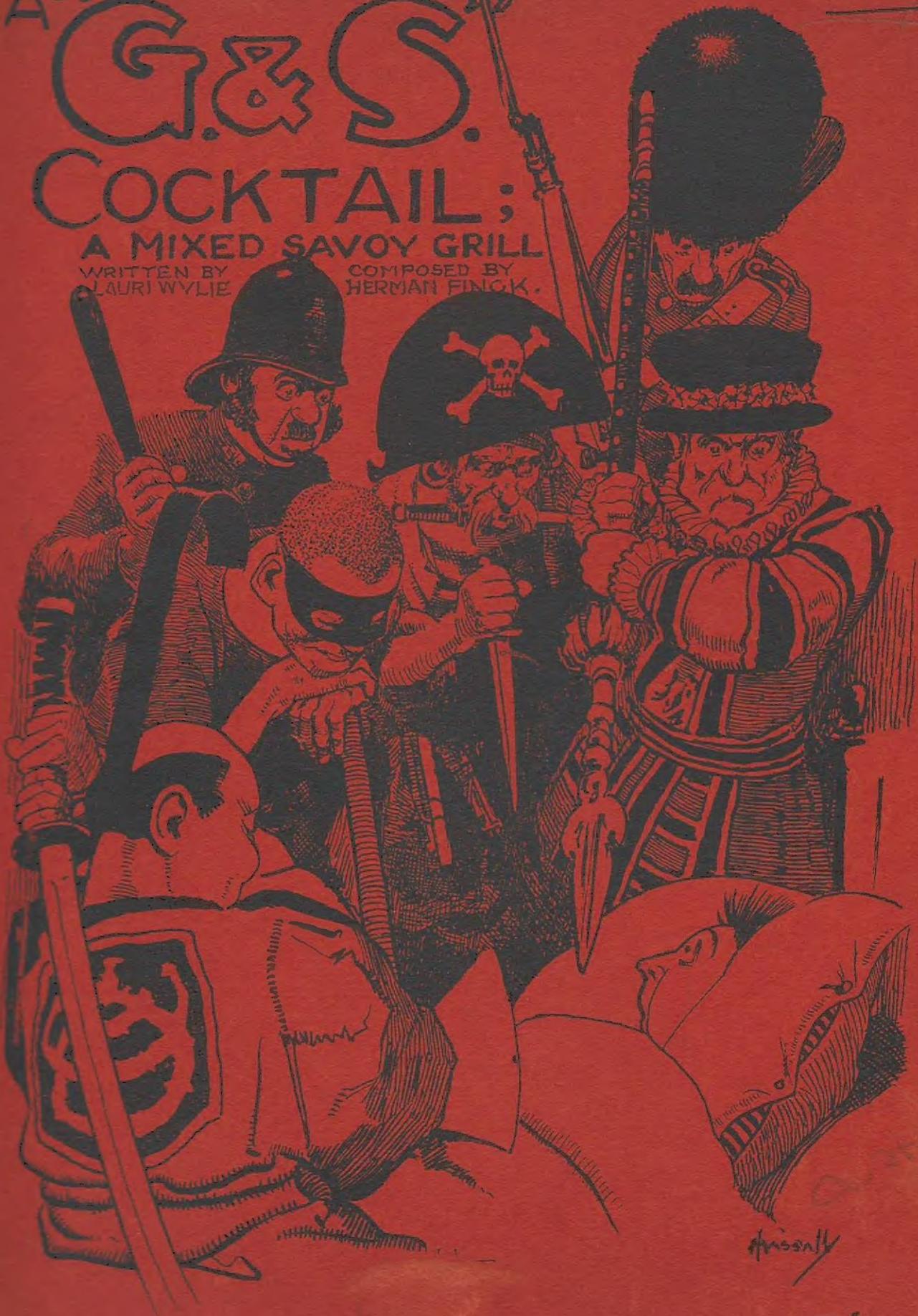
G. & S.

COCKTAIL;

A MIXED SAVOY GRILL

WRITTEN BY
LAURI WYLIE

COMPOSED BY
HERMAN FINCK.



ASCHERBERG

5/- NET

A “G. & S.” COCKTAIL

OR

A Mixed Savoy Grill

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As performed at the LONDON HIPPODROME
and broadcast by the B.B.C.

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LONDON :

ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, LTD.

16 MORTIMER STREET, W.1

SOLE AGENTS :

Australasia and New Zealand : Chappell & Co., Ltd., 250 Pitt Street, Sydney

MADE IN ENGLAND

A "G. & S." COCKTAIL

or

A Mixed Savoy Grill

Libretto and Lyrics by
LAURI WYLIE

Music by
HERMAN FINCK

Dramatis Personæ

HA HA	The Lord High Excrutiator
POO POO The Lord High Baritone
DON BASSO PROFUNDO The Grand Impressario
DAME CONTRALTO Housekeeper to the Tour
NANTI BOOH A Throaty Tenor
PHYLLIS A Sweet Soprano
WHYLLIS A Sentrymental Singer
RATISHA	With the Left Shoulder Blade (<i>Her original part</i>)		
GROVENOSE
SHOTBOLT
BLACK POINT
KO-FEE
HEADSMEN, FOOTMEN AND PROPERTY MEN

Chorus of Peers, Pirates, Policemen, Yeomen, Gentlemen of Japan, Gondoliers, Dragoons, Sailors, Poets, Fairies, Maids from School, Rapturous Maidens, Citizens, Cousins and Aunts, Professional Bridesmaids, Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, Basses and Similar Small Beer.

Scene—SAVOY-YARD

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A "G & S" COCKTAIL

or

A MIXED SAVOY GRILL

Libretto and Lyrics by
LAURI WYLIE

Music by
HERMAN FINCK

Announcer: We now present a "G & S" Cocktail or a "Mixed Savoy Grill", with Lyrics and Libretto by Lauri Wylie and Music by Herman Finck.

Now a certain D'Oyly Carteish Tenor — a man of many parts — was once seized with an urge to be fashionable. So he had the 'Flu.

Tossing about in a delirium of Gilbertian roles and a nightmare of Sullivan-esque melodies he dreamed that all the operas got mixed up until a new one emerged which *seemed* like all of them but *wasn't any of them*.

The scene was "Savoy-Yard" but it looked to him like a bit of one scene from one opera mixed with other bits from other operas and the opening chorus was something like this:

NO 1

OPENING CHORUS

Allegro moderato

Sopranos

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Allegro moderato

f marcato

mf

Taken from a tour - ing crowd

mf

Taken from a tour - ing crowd

Where the London peo - ple saw us With a cush-y job en -

Where the London peo - ple saw us With a cush-y job en -

-dowed Stick-ing like a plas - ter por - ous

-dowed Stick-ing like a plas - ter por - ous

Do you wonder we are proud Always an en-gage-ment

Do you wonder we are proud Always an en-gage-ment

Do you wonder we are proud

for us God bless Mister D'Oy - ly Carte And
 for us God bless Mister D'Oy - ly Carte And
 Always an en-gage - ment

rall. that is the O-pen-ing Chor - us.
 that is the O-pen-ing Chor - us.

L'istesso tempo

N^o 1A

QUARTETTE — (Yeoman, Peer, Pirate, Gondolier)

"IT IS THE OLD TRADITION"

Yeoman (Tenor)

mf It is the old tra - di - tions that
mf It is the old tra -

keep us on the go We love the old con -
 - ditions keep us on the go We love the old con -

p - di - tions, the on - ly ones we know, The con - stant re - pe -
p - di - tions, the on - ly ones we know, It

-ti - tions im - prove with age like wine
We
is the old tra - ditions keep us on the go — We

rall.
stick the old tra - di - tions for the sake of Auld Lang
stick the old tra - di - tions for the sake of Auld Lang
rall.

Yeoman: (*throatily*) Here comes Poo Poo. The Lord High Baritone. (Loud laughter from everybody)

a tempo

Syne.

Syne.

a tempo *mf*

p

Poo Poo: (*entering*) You are partly right. I am usually the Lord High Something or Other, but in this case I am the Lord High Who's it? The Lord High Thingummy, the Lord High What do you call 'em? and inter alia the Lord Knows who I am.

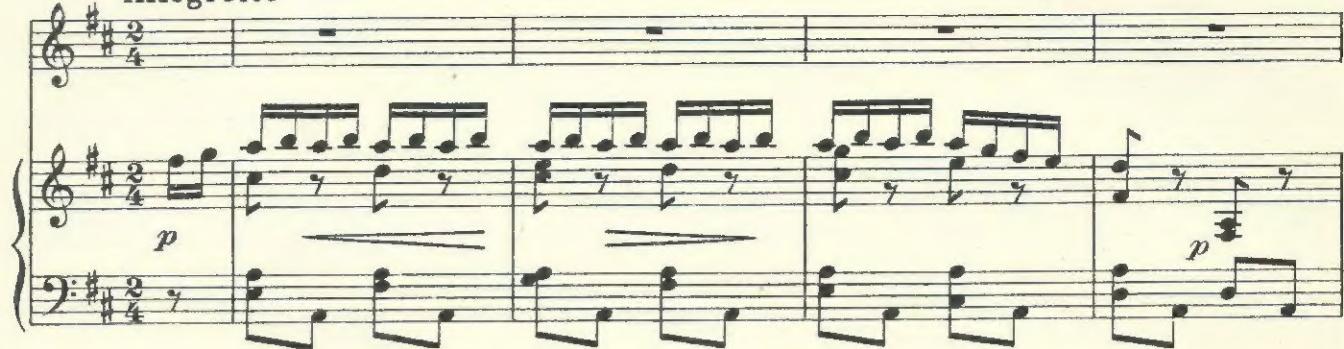
(*Shrieks of laughter*)

N^o 2

SONG.—(Poo Poo)

“WE’VE A JOLLY SET OF OPERAS”

Allegretto



Poo Poo

We've a jolly set of Op-e-ras If we could get 'em fixed But we've



f Ch.

Poo

got 'em ra-ther mixed We've got 'em ra-ther mixed Though we nev-er hard-ly ev-er Hi-ther-



Ch.

Poo

- to have had a hitch We've for - got-ten which is which We've for-got-ten which is which. In-ter-



- min - gling I - o - lan - the with the Gon - do - li - ers jarred And we
 cer - tain - ly lost Pa-tience with The Yeo - men of the Guard. And it's
 ve - ry un - con - vin - cing when You're play - ing Pin - a - fore And you
cresc.
 wan - der on as Pi - rates, Sing - ing bits of Rud - di - gore. It's a
mf
 din - ky set of Op - e - ras If we could get 'em fixed But we've

Ch.

got 'em ra - ther mixed, We have got 'em ra - ther mixed! Oh, they

nev - er, hard - ly ev - er, Hi - ther - to have come un - fixed, But we've

got 'em ra - ther mixed, We have got 'em ra - ther mixed!

(At the end of Poo Poo's song- tremendous applause and cheering)

Poo Poo: *(fanning himself)* You see my difficulty?- as Sergeant of Police in "The Pirates" I am liable to arrest myself as Captain of the Pinafore- jail myself in jail as the jailor in the Yeomen- Guard myself on guard as the sentry in Iolanthe, and order my own execution as a Sorcerer as Pooh Bah in the Mikado. *(Loud laughter)* In other words the situation is positively Gilbertian.

(enter Dame Contralto)

Dame: *(stoutly)* And why not? It is the best situation we ever had!

Chorus: Dame Contralto!

Dame: Yes, Dame Contralto the Housekeeper to the Tour. We've been together now for forty years-

Poo Poo: You have been places I trow- and seen things?

Dame: Aye- and as long as there is breath in my bodice- courage in my corsage- and wind in my blowpipe- I'll stick to the old operas at any old price.

(loud cheers and tremendous enthusiasm.)

Nº 3

SONG.—(Dame Contralto)

“THE SCREW MAY DROP”

Tempo di Marcia

Since the days be-fore the doles I've en - act - ed various roles Im -

- mor - ta-lised by Sul - li-van and Gil - bert, And it sets my teeth on edge For it

seems a sa - cri - lege That the on - ly word that rhymes with him is

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff shows the vocal line in soprano clef, with a dynamic marking 'f' and a tempo instruction 'Tempo di Marcia'. The piano accompaniment is provided by the middle and bottom staves, which show bass and harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the notes. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part includes several grace notes and eighth-note patterns.

fil - bert. Now our mem'ries may have gone Yet we mud-dle on and on Till we

don't know if it's Pin - a - fore or Pa - tience But the

au - dien-ces are kind bless your heart they do not mind And they still bring their re -

la - tions. And they still bring their re - la - tions. The Dame

screw may rise or the screw may drop But here we are and here ³we'll stop, And

D'Oy - ly Carte with his hoard of tin Will give us old age pen-sions when we're
 all done in. The screw may rise or the screw may drop but here we are and
 The screw may rise or the screw may drop but here we are and
 The screw may rise or the screw may drop but here we are and
 The screw may rise or the screw may drop but here we are and
 here we'll stop And D'Oy - ly Carte with his hoard of tin Will
 here we will stop And D'Oy - ly Carte with his hoard of tin Will
 here we will stop And D'Oy - ly Carte with his hoard of tin Will
 here we'll stop And D'Oy - ly Carte with his hoard of tin Will

(Chorus repeated and they all march off L.)

(Enter Phyllis R. and Nanti Booh L.)

Nanti Booh: Phyllis!

Phyllis: Nanti Booh!

Nanti Booh: Yes, Nanti Booh— the original crooner!

Phyllis: Thou carryest a throat spray— has't a tickling of the tonsils?

Nanti Booh: Aye— with six roles to superimpose upon my larynx verily must I lubricate or abdicate and that right rapidly.

NO. 4.

SONG—(Nanti Booh)

“A THROATY TENOR”

Allegretto

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, mostly in G major (indicated by a treble clef) with one section in B-flat major (indicated by a bass clef). The piano part is in bass clef. The tempo is Allegretto. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *cresc.* (crescendo).

A — throat-y ten - or I With sprays I
 have — to jug-gle It is an aw - ful struggle To
 keep my u - vu-lar clear, — I help to keep all throat And na - sal
 spe - - - cial - i-sers, I use their at - o - mi - zers And give

up my sup - per beer beer — Take a pair of Clark-son's tights And with ju-

- di - cious padding, I look just like A - lad - ding Ar -

- rayed in my lit - tle short shirts. But my dress - ing room at nights is like — a

chem - ist's show - room For vis - i - tors there's no room For gargles, sy - rin - ges and

squirts Be - lieve me it hurts — Be - lieve me it hurts.

- Phyllis:** Ah, were I thy bride I would lend my strength to thy vocal cords
Nanti Booh: Nay, nay, I should hate to become a cross between Talbot O'Farrell and a coloraturist.
- Phyllis:** Canst tell me which is the Opera for to-night?
- Nanti Booh:** If I could I should know that which I would know yet know not! And thou? Art thou garbed to take any roll? I mean *take* any role?
- Phyllis:** I have tried to meet *all* emergencies— above the waist I am ready for Iolanthe— whilst from the waist downwards I can go on as old Ratisha.
- Nanti Booh:** Dost mean that thou art seventeen at the top and forty seven at the bottom?
- Phyllis:** Aye— 'tis right— whimsically.
- Nanti Booh:** I daresay— but it's wrong physically.

NO. 5

DUET — (Phyllis and Nanti Booh)

“HALF AND HALF”

Allegretto delicato

Nanti:

Phyllis

Tell me, la-dy, wheth-er Thou art young or old? Hey but I'm doubt-ful

Yack-y dick-y doo - lah Bod-y burns but neth - er Ex - trem - i - ties are cold.

Nanti

Phyllis

Rum tid-dley-um - tum

tum - tum.

Lov- ers fain would pet me

Rum tid-dley-um - tum

tum - tum.

Lov- ers fain would pet me

But my feet won't let me. Yack-y dick-y doo - lah with a dash of rum.

Nanti

Yack-y dick-y doo - lah, yack-y dick-y

Up a-bove the waist I'm as bu-sy as the bees

doo - lah

That is fairly hope - ful

But be-low the belt, I'm go-ing at the knees.

Whack fol ol de li - doh.

f

Oh, Rum - ble dum Rum -ble dey. My bo - dys not so pas - sé *mf*

Oh, Rum - ble dum Rum -ble dey. But they've

f

mf

Rum - ble dum and ve - ry like - ly dey.

messed up your chas - sis Rum - ble dum and ve - ry like - ly dey.

mf

Oh but it's awk - ward

p

Do you find much trou - ble Choos-ing prop - er clothes?

p

Yack - y dick - y doo - lah. Half a set of these and A dou - ble set of those.

p

mf rall.

p più lento pp

mf rall.

p più lento pp

R.d.

(After duet — loud cheers and applause off stage.)

(re-enter Poo Poo.)

Poo Poo: So, Nanti Booh, thou art about to die?

Nanti Booh: Alas yes, why should the tenor have to die in every Opera?

Poo Poo: Why not? Thou canst not expect to sing — and live?

Nanti Booh: I know — but they want me to die *all* the deaths in all the operas all at once.

Phyllis: Why not appeal to the Lord High Excrutiator? — He hath a sense of humour second to none.

Nanti Booh: You think he might see the funny side of it?

Phyllis: Aye — to the comic all things are comic.

(fanfare of trumpets)

See — here comes his funniosity!

Nanti Booh: But woe is me — he is dressed up as a judge!

Poo Poo: Of course — he's a wit. And being so argues that if a judge may be a wit a wit may be a judge — and if a judge may judge of the wit of a wit — why not a wit judge which judge's wit is the wittier wit?

Nanti Booh: (*throatily*) I don't — even — care!

Voice: (*off*) Make way for the Lord High Excrutiator!

(All stand down L.)

(Musical entrance of Mixed Male Chorus each carrying a camp-stool and opera glasses.)

Nº 6

MALE ENSEMBLE

and

Entrance of Lord High Excrutiator

Tempo di Marcia

Chorus in unison

f a tempo

Here he comes

Bang the drums

See who's

next please

Comic ef-fects please

Au-di-ence

Now's your chance

Tenors

Rea-dy to yell, please

Thor-ough-ly well, please

Baritones

Basses

Rea-dy to yell,

Thor-ough-ly well

*3**3**3**3**3**3**3**3**3**3**3**3*

— Here he comes, bang the drums Here he comes.—

please Here he comes, bang the drums Here he comes.—

Hail

Hail, hail the Lord High Ex - cru - ti - a - tor Hail, hail the

Ah

Com-ie De-lin-e-a-tor When he gets a gay face Bang goes ev'-ry stay lace In

Ah

au-di-to-ri-um- tid-dley-um.

Old la-dies

Ah Ah Ah

sit-ting in the pit or cir-cle Do-ing their knit-ting or some oth-er work'll

Lay it down on lap, lap So that they can clap, clap Clap, clap the com - ie
 lap

one Here he comes, Bang the drums, Here he
 one Here he comes, ready to yell Bang the drums, thorough-ly well Here he

comes, He comes, here he comes.

(Loud applause and cheers)

Enter up R. Ha Ha, the Lord High Excrutiator in Judge's robes, his train borne by Grovenose.

NO 7

PATTER SONG - (Ha Ha)

"I'M A WAG AND A WIT"

Allegro non troppo



Ha Ha

I'm a



wag and a wit And I'm cer-tain-ly it I'm as com-ic as Kar-nos', Lord



help the sop - ra - nos When I make my mind up, Then I put the wind up Those



fright-ful - ly ass - es, The ten - ors and bass-es, For I can make choke E - ven

cler - i - cal folk, Just by hand-ling a hum-drum Or com-mon co - nun-drum, Like

"Why does a chick-en?" Or "When is a door?" And "What's the re-sult if a
her-ring costs more?" If a bit of a fag I'm a wit and a wag, And I'm

Chorus
Sopranos

cer-tain-ly "it" As a wag and a wit.

He's de - ci - ded - ly "it", If a

Tenors and Basses

He's de - ci - ded - ly "it", If a

bit of a fag, As a wag and a wit, Or a wit and a wag!

bit of a fag, As a wag and a wit, Or a wit and a wag!

Wit and a wag!

Wit and a wag!

(Loud applause and cheers.)

Ha Ha: Thank you, gentlemen — if this is your vocal gratitude — thank heaven I am only a comic.

Moderato marcato

Ha Ha *mf*

When I first made a start with D'Oy - ly Carte, In the

cho - rus I was a seed-y 'un, But I sang my role with so much soul That

now I am the co - me-dian.

My

whole-some wit is a per-fect fit For there nev-er has been a pro-per-er, You can

bring your fi - an - cées with - out tak-ing chanc - es, To an - y par - tic - u - lar

22

o-per-a.

You can bring your fi-an-cées with-out tak-ing chan-ces, To

You can bring your fi-an-cées with-out tak-ing chan-ces, To

Allegro moderato

Ha Ha

The

an-y par-tic-u-lar o-per-a.

an-y par-tic-u-lar o-per-a.

Allegro moderato

mf

flap-pers who clap us con-trive to en-trap us In-to an en-core for all

Ch. Solo

ly - ries, (all ly-rics,) When mid-night is chim-ing, we're still dou-ble rhym-ing, Un -

Ch. Solo

-til we are all in hes-tyr-ics.(hes-tyr-ics.) Now I'm

f p

ve - ry ver-bose but it makes me mo - rose, For the pe - des-tal I have to

sit on Was pre-vious - ly perched on by Pass-more and Gros-Smith and

cresc.

Work-man and lat - ter - ly Lyt - ton.

Was pre-viously perched on by
f

Was pre-viously perched on by

f cresc.

Solo

But

Pass-more and Gros-Smith and Work-man and lat - ter - ly Lyt - ton.

Pass-more and Gros-Smith and Work-man and lat - ter - ly Lyt - ton.

accel.

what does it mat-ter so long as the pat-ter Is real - ly and tru - ly Gil -

mf accel.

Ch. Solo

-ber-tian, (Gil-bertian,) The puns must be cle-ver to go on for ev-er And

ev-er and nev-er a dirty'un. (a dirty'un.) You don't have to pon-der on

dou-ble en-ten-dre, The man-age-ment make it con-di-tion-al That it

must not be blue but it need not be new If it's tho-rough-ly tru-ly tra -

- di - tion - al.

It must not be blue but it

It must not be blue but it

need not be new If it's tho-rough-ly tru - ly tra - di - tion - al.

need not be new If it's tho-rough-ly tru - ly tra - di - tion - al.

(Loud applause)

Ha Ha: First case, please!

(Enter Don Basso Profundo and Chorus)

Don Basso: Me Iud— as the Grand Inquisitor I submit that the miserable tenor before you should be extinguished.

Phyllis: But why should the tenor always die in the last act?

Ha Ha: Exactly— why wait for the last act?

(Laughter)

Nanti Booh: Why should he be executed at all?

Ha Ha: Precisely — why not put poison in his bird seed? *(Loud laughter)*

Don Basso: The question is— shall he be punished by the axe as in the Yeoman *(Bus)* the sword as in the Mikado—*(Bus)* or merely sent into Parliament as in Iolanthe?

Ha Ha: Well now which do you think would be the funniest?

Whyllis enters

NO 8

SONG — Whyllis (with Nanti Booh and Ha Ha)

"OH, WOE IS ME"

Moderato



(Whyllis steps out of sentry box)

WHYLLIS Per-haps 'twould bet-ter be Up - on his throat so wob-bly, To
 (HA HA) Per-haps it would be best Al - though an in - sti - tu - tion If

use the snick-er - snee Up - on the part that's nob-bly, If
 hum-bly I sug - gest An - ov - er - dose of Kru-schen (POO) Or

boiled in oil it would Re - duce his tis - sue a-di-pose And
 if he wants a death That's eas - i - ly di - ges - ted, (WH) We'll

rall.

send him if he's good Where ev - 'ry ten - or's glad he goes.
sim - ply stop his breath (HA HA) No flow - ers are re - quest - ed.

a tempo

(NANTI) Oh woe is me, oh woe is me! And ve - ry like - ly woe too Though
Oh woe is me, oh woe is me! The ques - tion how to kill is An

a tempo

un - der - stood I go if good Where I'll be glad to go to.
o - pen one But when I'm gone Don't send me an - y li - lies.

Fine

D. S.

Phyllis dashes forward hysterically

Nº 9.

WALTZ SONG— (Phyllis)

"POOR WARBLING ONE"

Con brio

Ha ha! Poor Warb - ling

One Ha ha!

poco a poco cresc.

Ha Poor Warb - ling

One. Pray par-don my hys - te - ri - a tra la la You

know what we vo - cal - ists are tra la la This piece of Mec-can - o Has

made your so-pran-o A poor Wob - bling One. (Staggers) rall.

You're a poor Warb-ling One Yes and when we have none

Shall I send your things on where you've gone With a tra - la With a tra -

la. Ah

f *mf*

Ah Ah

accel. *f accel.*

ah Ah ah ah ah ah Ah I'm a poor warb-ling *rall.*

ff Allegro vivo

One. *(Clash of Steel Implements)*

Enter Quartette of Executioners

Nº 10

ENTRANCE OF EXECUTIONERS
and
QUARTETTE

Lento

Moderato e molto marcato

Men

It is our job each time _____ The ten - or com-mits a
And when we've made it scan _____ Ac - cord - ing - ly to our

crime — To put his pun-ish-ment in - to rhyme, His pun-ish-ment in - to rhyme.
plan — We sim-ply ex - e - cute the man. We ex - e - cute the man...

Sopranos

It is their job _____ Their job each time To

Tenors

It is our job each time _____ The Ten-or com-mits a crime _____ To

Basses

put His pun-ish-men-t in - to rhyme. His pun-ish-men-t in - to rhyme...

put His pun-ish-men-t in - to rhyme. His pun-ish-men-t in - to rhyme...

(enter Ratisha, pauses up stage)

Ratisha: Stop! Phyllis: 'Tis Ratisha! Nanti Booh: Or Lady June-Poo Poo: Or can it be Little Bitterfly?

Allegro vivace

Rat.

f accel.

Più lento
quasi recit.

-nough 'tis time - 'tis time our-selves we sort-ed We'd best re-pine be -
-fore we get re-port-ed We've mixed the lot in man-ner most un -
-wa-ry And used up what was once the dic-tion-a-ry.

Allegro vivace e agitato

Rat.

We've used up all the al-pha-bet, We could-n't have been gree-a-i - er Than -

can't be an - y long words yet In the en - cy - clo - pe - di - a, The

te - le - phone di - rec - to - ree, And Brad - shaw but re - main Un -

-less we take the A. B. C. And use it all a - gain.

f Ch. (unis.)

Un - less we take the A. B. C. And use it all a - gain.

Allegro non troppo

Ha Ha *mf*

We start-ed with A al - pha -

-be - tic' - lly first, We bust-ed the B's and the C's _____ The

D's and the E's were em - phatic' - lly worst, With the F's and the fol - low - ing

G's _____ The H, I and J and the next let-ter K, — Pro-vid-ed some puzzling

guesses And the L, M, N, O's we put o - ver in prose Not in

A musical score for a single instrument, likely a piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has lyrics: "the W. Leav-ing on - ly the X, Y and EZ - ED Gave an". The bottom staff uses a bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords. The music consists of four measures, each ending with a vertical bar line and a repeat sign.

A musical score for three voices. The top staff features lyrics: "al-gebris touch and I guess that's as much As ev-er Sir William S. G. said." The middle staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The bottom staff provides harmonic support with a bass line consisting of quarter notes.

Principals

You can cer-tain-ly take it from me Though it sounds e - go - ti - sti - cal
 Sopranos

You can cer-tain-ly take it from me Though it sounds e - go - ti - sti - cal
 Tenors

You can cer-tain-ly take it from me Though it sounds e - go - ti - sti - cal
 Basses

ra-ther That ev - en Sir Will-iam S. G. Pro - bab - lee nev - er went an - y
 ra-ther That ev - en Sir Will-iam S. G. Pro - bab - lee nev - er went an - y
 ra-ther That ev - en Sir Will-iam S. G. Pro - bab - lee nev - er went an - y

far-ther. So we'll go on as long as we can, can,can, We'll stick to our mut-tions,Gil-
 far-ther. So we'll go on as long as we can, can,can, We'll stick to our mut-tions,Gil-
 far-ther. So we'll go on as long as we can, can,can, We'll stick to our mut-tions,Gil-

-ber-ti-an gluttons, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-van-van-van, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-

-ber-ti-an gluttons, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-van-van-van, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-

-ber-ti-an gluttons, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-van-van-van, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-

-van-van-van. We'll go on as long as we can, can, can, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-

-van-van-van. We'll go on as long as we can, can, can, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-

-van-van-van. We'll go on as long as we can, can, Dis-ci-ples of Sir Sul-li-

van, van, van, dis - ci-ples of Sir Sul-li - van, van, van of Gil-bert and Sul - li -
van, van, van, dis - ci-ples of Sir Sul-li - van, van, van of Gil-bert and Sul - li -
van, van, van, dis - ci-ples of Sir Sul-li - van, van, van of Gil-bert and Sul - li -

-van Gil-bert and Sul - li - van Gil-bert and Sul - li - van
-van Gil-bert and Sul - li - van Gil-bert and Sul - li - van
-van Gil-bert and Sul - li - van Gil-bert and Sul - li - van

molto rall.

Moderato

Gil-bert and Sul-li - van Gil-bert and Sul-li - van Sul - li - van

Gil-bert and Sul-li - van Gil-bert and Sul-li - van Sul - li - van

Gil-bert and Sul-li - van Gil-bert and Sul-li - van Sul - li - van

Moderato e molto marcato

molto rall.

(The bottom section of the page shows four blank staves for continuation.)

(Loud and prolonged cheers)

Ratisha subsides into Ha Ha's arms as Black Point staggers on and falls insensible at their feet.

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